BEAR HUNTING NEARNEW YORK

LAWYER BROWN KILLED THREE IN THE CATSKILLS

And Topped Off the Bag With a Lynx-One of the Bears a Record Breaker for That Part of the Country—First One He Got showed Fight and Scratched Him.

A man who hunts in a modest way without the use of camera men and a press bureau shot three bears just ninety-seven miles from City Hall Park, New York, a couple of weeks ago. President Roosevelt went about 1,200 miles away from New York and shot one. he modest man hopes that he is not a nature aker, but he begs leave to submit that there are more bears up around High Peak and Black Dome in Greene county than in the canebrakes of Louisiana.

William M. Brown, a lawyer of Newark and vice-president of the Essex Fish and iame Protective Association, is the man who beat the President's record. He didn't go after bears; he was out shooting birds and the bears happened to be among those present, so he gathered them in. One weighed 456 pounds, as duly sworn to by Brown and Moses Hitchcock before Squire inping up Greene county way. Another tipped the beam at 383 pounds and the third, a half grown cub, weighed about 125 pounds. The Newark sportsman completed his bag with a "cat." or tufted eared lynx, and now he has the pelts of all four of the animals tanned and mounted.

The Newark hunter went up into the Cats kills during the last weeks of October with a shotzun; he took his 38-55 Winchester along because he thought he might run across some lynxes. Where he went Brown, with the hunter's prerogative, declines to say, except that it was in Greene county and that High Peak, the loftiest mountain in the range, was not far away. The chief object of his trip was to go through some of the wild country along the western slope of the Catskills and discover if the partridges and quail were breeding wall in the inaccessilike coverts. For a week he scoured the countains, shooting only a few birds.

One day after a week in the mountain rown decided to go up to the tops of the highest peaks and see what there was there for a softnosed bullet. He knew that there might be bears there, because last year he killed one in the thickets, where there are no trails and travellers are scarce.

"It was hard going," said Brown as h sat in his office the other day and thumbed over the photographs of his kill that he had taken. "Black Dome is as wild a place as you can find anywhere in the mountain of the East-all rock and fallen trees and thickets, where you have to tear your way through the brambles and pull yourself up 45 per cent. inclines by tugging on roots and the branches of maples.

"I was making as much noise going up as a furniture van on a corduroy road and didn't think that any game within a radius of two miles would stay in that vicinity. But just as I was equatting to rest I saw my first bear up through the trees about 200 yards ahead of me. He was standing on a shelf of rock, waving his snout from side to side, evidently knowing that something was in the wind. I made a long crawl through the thicket and got where I could draw a nice bead behind the shoulder Then I let him have it.

"The bear toppled over and I pretty nearly broke my neck running up to the rocky ledge where I thought I would find him, but I didn't. There was only some blood and a trail of red leading away through the undergrowth. It was getting dark and I was afraid the bear would ge away from me so I pushed through the hemlocks after him, right up and over the top of the mountain.

"It had become so dark I could hardly see, when my way was blocked by a windrow of fallen trees. I heaved myself over one of the largest and came down with both feet plump on Mr. Bear. Before I could get my balance he was on his haunches and opening out his paws for a hug, but I gave him a quick jab in the face with the butt of my gun and he went down in a death struggle. As he fell one of his hind feet came up and raked my leg, through my heavy canvas knickers and leggins to the flesh, I was mighty glad that bear died when he did."

After making his kill the Newark lawyer had to camp on the spot because it was too dark to find his way down the mountain. He built a shelter of hemlock boughs and turned in. But it was not for pleasant dreams. Brown says that not until one s been up in the heart of the Catakilla and spent a night in the open can he realise how much of a wilderness still remains un-touched in a crowded land. All about him were noises of the forest poroupines squealing, big owls making delorous ngs and lynxes yowling through the little valleys. All of this is not conducive to

slumber, Brown explains.

Next morning the hunter made his way back to the village and had men with a aledge come out and drag the big bear back to civilization. As they were crashing through the brush down the mountain the second bear was unexpectedly encountered at no great distance from the spot where the first beast had been shot the night before. Brown got this one, the cub, just at the moment that the furry black head was raised above a log in surprise. When the drag with the two bears as freight was drawn into the village that Brown had made his headquarters there was a wide ripple of excitement among the local sports. Big Bill, as the Newark man is known among his friends in the Catskills, had been the first man in several years to come into town with two black bears at once.

Brown's last bear he got up near the top of High Peak, at a considerable distance away from the scene of the previous hunt-ing. Snow had fallen on the sides of the mountain, drifting in some places to a depth of two feet. In several places he found the marks of bears' pawings.

"Just as I was clambering over a high vindrow of logs I saw that third bear-the buster of the lot," said Brown as he pointed a proud forefinger at the long black body in the photograph he was showing a Sun reporter. "It was the biggest bear I ever saw outside of a menagerie; he seemed as big as a bull moose to me as he stood with his flank toward me rooting for acorns I took a quick chance and fired.

"He just jumped straight into the air and roared. I got two more bullets into him and he dropped in his tracks. I was as happy as a kid with a new top, for I knew that I had bagged the record bear for Green

county."
The big body was in due course dragged down to the village and weighed before half the inhabitants Then to make things all regular and sportsmanlike Brown and Moses Hitchcock, the village storekeeper, went before Squire Vinning and made affidavit as to the weight and date of the kill-



SKINNING THE CUB.

on his shoulders.

ing of the big bear. That, with the killing

of the "cat" which Brown's dog had treed in the woods a few days prior to the death

of the last bear, completed the bag of the

Newark sportsman. Bear steaks were

frizzled on every village stove for days and

days, and Big Bill left for Newark with the

weight of rural adulation resting lightly

THE CUB AND THE FUNTER.

OLD CIRCUS MAN.

THE LABORST REAR.

Great Doings When the Greatest of All Giants Tried Roller Skating.

COLD BY THE

"Good many people roller skating just now," said the old circus man, "but dear me, this ain't nothing to the roller skate craze there was in this country just after the war-I mean the civil war, which I guess is too far back for you to remember.

"Why, in those days everybody went in for roller skating and they built skating rinks all over the country. These rinks they put up in the little places were great baras, just big shells of buildings, with a smooth floor that you could skate on.

When the show came book from the read that season in the fall we found in the small towo where we made our winter quarters one of those big roller skating rinks, a big barn of a structure, the most conspicuous building in town, and going there in that quiet place full biast. Everybody had got their crops in and all hands had taken to roller skating; you could hear the ramble scoming from that rink night and day. And of course that was the first thing that struck us the minute we hit the town; we hadn't much more than got the wagons rounded up in our wagon yards before the great

giant was off for the rink.

man wouldn't have anything happen to the giant for all the skating rinks in creation and pretty much all the rest of the buildings in the world thrown in besides.

"But there was nothing doing; the giant was bound to have a pair of roller skates. and if the craze had hit har I headed farmers how could you expect it to skip the giant, and the upshot of it all was that the giant got the skates.

"Of course there wasn't any skates in the rink people's stock that would fit him. and the old man sent East and had a pair specially built for him at the skate factory that rair of skates cost \$:8 - and the minute they came the giant was for going over and trying 'em., He thought, same as everybody else did in those days, that he could skate: that all he had to do was to put 'em on his feet and skate away.

"And when he did try 'em the who'e town and all the neighboring country was there to skate with him or to look on. Fortunately this rink was built rather higher than they built most of them, else he couldn't have skated in it at all, but it was high enough so that the crossbeams from side to side under the roof gave him clear space to stand upright in. He had to bend down, of course, to get in at the door of the rink, but when he'd got inside it was all right, and when he'd got his skates on he started off, towering high above everybody else there, the most marvellous sight ever seen in this or any other skating rink. and with everybody whooping and howling

with wild excitement and delight. "When he saw the people skating, some of 'em easy and graceful and some of 'em gliding along like swans and some of 'em gliding apart and falling down, but something doing all the time and plenty of it, and heard the constant rolling thunder, why, the bug bit the giant and there was nothing for him to do but to roller skate too.

"But the old man wasn't so sure of it, and he tried to get him not to. He told the giant that you couldn't just put a pair of skates on and skate right off, that you had to learn to skate, and where was he going to learn before he went to the rink?

"And the old man was afraid the giant would fall and hurt himself, and what would happen then? Why, the giant was not only in stature but in every other way the greatest feature in the whole show, and the old "And like many another person when

under him in different ways, and his hands went up in different directions, and down he went sprawling broad over everything. he went strawling broad over everything, this time on his back, and at a moderate calculation I believe he knocked down a hundred people. The floor all around the giant was covered with the people he'd knocked down in one way or another. But he hadn't actually fallen on anybody, and by another miracle, barring a few bruises was a burt this time.

by another miracle, barring a few bruises around, nobody was hurt this time.

"And of course they ought to have stopped it then sure, but by this time every-body was just hilarious, and you couldn't have stopped it anyway now, or not until have stopped it anyway now, or not until have stopped it anyway now, or not until have stopped it anyway now. something happened, but something did happen the next time the giant tried it, or

e pretty blame near it "He was skating along near one edge of the floor this time and seemingly doing cretty well, when all of a sudden both of

his feet went out from under him and he fell through the side of the building. "These buildings were built of thin stuff, you know, inch boards for siding, just thick enough so that they'd keep out the weather, and when he went over there, kersmash against this fliney siding with kersmash against this flingsy siding with his great weight, the giant went clean through it, or the upper half of him did, sticking out through a big jagged hole he'd made in the building, the lower half of him staying inside, and there he was now, lying that way with his body across a timber running along the side of the building there eight or nine feet up from the floor, put there in the framing to nail the boards to, and quite unable to help

the floor, put there in the framing to nail the boards to, and quite unable to help himself out of the mesh.

"You see he was too far out to be able to reach anything with his hands on that side, and with those roller skates on he couldn't brace himself with his feet to help himself up, and there he hung helpless, liable to do himself the most serious sort of bodily injury.

"But the old man was around and on the lieb and he got a couple of joists up in less."

"But the old man was around and on the job and he got a couple of joists up in less than no time to support the giant's shoulders outside, hollering at the same time to the people inside to 'Get his skates off!' So that the giant wouldn't himself struggling on them, and when they'd got the giant supported all they could they cut that side timber away and let him down gently.

"And his clothes were torn on the jagged ends of the boards where he'd gone through, and he was scratched up a little himself but he wasn't really hurt a bit.

"But that was the last of the giant's roller skating. The old man wouldn't have let him put the skates on again, anyway, but the giant himself had sense enough to know when to stop, and for the reet of the season and for the next, which was as long as the roller skating craze of those days lasted, he was perfectly content to be merely a looker on."

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Gentleman George Fails to Let Well Enough Alone-But Smithers Keeps His Head.

"I shall try it on, all the samee," said Gentleman George Ringgold before the glass. And wan wud t'ink it his new foorn-hand to which he referred he was that airy. But I shook my head duh'us.
"Don't, Jarge," I advised; "'tis too full of

contingencies, as the man said whin he tripped on the boord full of spikes. It is hard enough and to spare to go up against the quirks of the ordinary brain, but to take chances with a kronk that has been apped out of half its mim'ry. Lard knows whedder pumminent or timporary, that. I say, wud make the bliad leadin' of the olind a clear and certing perdistr'an tower He laughed, did Jarge, and preened his

flowin' mustachios like mudden Sar-nissus tickled with his own shadder. Tis the leading of the little blind god

that I mainly counts on," he rejined. "Com now, Smithers, read the Sybillyan leaf And with that I read the card I had just

pulled from the box containin' the dijicted risks of the C arakter . urety Comp'ny as Darlington, Elihu. No one can doubt the

probity, sufficiency and good will of this distinguished scientist; yet it is submitted that we should not renew at maturity his bond as guardian of Bart Vischer for these reasons:

The time for the settlement of the trus

has long since expired.
Since Vischer left for foreign parts no word has come from him nor has Darlington remitted to him or in any way communicated with him.

While Darlington apparently has recovered

from the accident, his memory is strangely impaired. He has no recollection of Vischer

"It won't do, Jarge," I protisted, more than iver of the same opining still. "Granted that you kin persuade the old poppy guy that you are Vischer, and that he won't auddintly remimber that you ain't; there are rilatives, frinds and acquaintances to be reckoned with, to say nawthin' of his wife and darter."

"Vischer unly visited Darlington wanst at his quiet country home." Jarge argyed back. "He kem over from the German back. "He kem over from the German school where he had been tucked away since infancy to see his guardeen; and as soon as he got his pockets lined he was off on his wurold wide films."

Mrs. Darlington died about this time and the girl, Helen, was at Miss Rataplan's swell boording school. She has been there iver since, she still is there, be the same pleasin's token.

iver since, she still is there, be the same pleasin' token.

"And that is why, Smithers, I won't have to do anny persuadin', for what better vouchers cud I hev' than to be introjuced by Darlington's unly child?

And thin he went on to tell the rheumatic way in which he had met and wooed Helen Darlington, mostly be signs and glances, with the result that the nixt afternoon I sat on a secludid binch in the park, solitary, alone and buried in deep t'ought.

Not for long, howiver. There were merry vices on the terrace above. Prisintly kem timid steps t'roo the scrubbery and down the bank. Thin appeared a charming face, with black eves dancin' mischievous and rid, rid lips all a-trimble.

She drew back with a pout as she seen

rid. rid lips all a-trimble.

She drew back with a pout as she seen me and thin advanced agin, as if from a hope in which I didn't count.

"P'raps you kin tell me, Miss," I blurted, staring up with agitated mean. "My master—I know he used to come here in his milancholy strolls—have you seen him? He is that low spireted, he has such powerful enemies—"

Oh, oh, I knew he was, I knew he had, she cried, comin' close, her face changin' from a ruby to a pearl at the magic touch of care. "Do you t'ink, do you fear that danger t'reatens?"

he has suddintly abandoned the puppose of recoverin' his lawful fortun' for which I follered him acrost seas broad and wild; whin even more proud thin poor he hides his rightful name of Bart Vischer."

Back kem the ruby out from the pearl at the wave of J'y's inchanted wand.

the wave of J'y's inchanted wand.

"Oh, me orophetic heart!" she murmured, with her lift hand prissin' it hard. "And is Elihu Darlington thin the secret enemy your poor frind fears?

"Let him fear no more. My father's wan grief in his peaceful and honored old age has been his ignorance of the whereabouts of his ward. of his ward.

of his ward.

"Don't say anudder wud; they are calling, must go; but tell me where he is stayin.'
And thin, oh. thin, you shall see."

I did see, and so did Gentleman George. That evenin' as he set pourin' over his fay'rite "Hamlet," while I in a respictful carner reinked the seams of his bist coat, the tradishunal heavy father, with a fairy on his arm, bust in upon these touching annuals of the poor.

the noor.

"Why didn't you write to me, Bart?" cried old Darlington with this new prodigy son clapped to his buzzim. "A blow on the head while I was engrossed with the crowning expirimint of me life drove all knowledge of you from me distrought mind. But your fortune is safe, enlarged; the latchstring hangs out for you and yours. Come home me boy, come home, bringin' the fait'ful un of your triles to share in the darn

A fine old gentleman, devoted to his child, cortyus to his guests, muddest and diverental to all in spite of his great learning. It seemed a retarn to the figless days before the suppint to watch his simple interest in Jarge's wooing, his simple j'y in Helen's ivident attachmint for his long missing ward.

Wan wud say that in their blissful union his life wud be complete, and that thin he wud be ready and willin' to close the game and eash in his checks without even wanting. like T'ackeray's Injun hero, to add some to it. And yit, now and ag'in, I kem upon Mr. Darlington in a brown study that might well have been black; his great head with its rumpled white mane on his hand; his eyes sombrely burnin' t'roo the heavy thatch of his brows; the furrows above his nose and about his mouth deep and tense; like some old line of the desert, half remimberin' the hunter who had hurt him, or that older line, the Spinx, half waking to do the t'ing that sooner or later must be did.

And thin I wud hurry to Jarge and urge him not only to make hay while the sun shone, but to harvest it. In vain.

Jarge's argymints were bot' ready and strong: his implicit acceptance as Bart vischer by servants and friends alike old and few; the preparations nearly com-pleted to tun over Vischer's fortune to him: Mr. Darlington's frequent statement that Helen and he shud be his j'int hairs. The most he wud do was to questun the girl about her father's strange accident and

Helen did not have much to tell in addishun to her artless admisshuns during Jarge's clandistant coortship. Arter her father's

clandistant coordship. After her father's sicond marriage ahe had remained continuous at boording school until summoned home to find old Darlington insinsibly wavering betune life and death from a vilent blow on the head caused by the fall of some apparatus in his laboratory and her young and pretty stepmother dead from the excitemint and shock.

Her father's incomplete recovery percluded him from furder explanatun, and indeed iver since he had avided, as if from choice, all riverence to the subject. And here it was that Jarge med the mistake of

don't know whedder what lies beyond is good or ill.

"And what was this wondrous invinshum your father was busied with at the time?" ast Jarge. "No wan seems to know annythin' about it."

The girl brightened with innocint curiosity.

"That reminds me," she cried, "to ask apa to show it to us—the most marvellous bonograph in the world, not only repeatin and exactly but showin' on a little screen sound exactly but shown on a little screen beneat' the pictures of those who spoke. Adele—that was my dear stepmother's name, I alius called her Adele—Adele told me about it in the last latter she wrote. He wasn't quite satisfied with it; he postponed the final test. But you must have known, Bart—you were here yoursilf at the time."

the time."

"Oh, the phonograph," replied Jarge with forced indiff'rince. "To be sure. I had forgot all about it, thinking it too visionary to iver be real."

"Not at all," protested Helen. "It was the grandest sort of a success, as I have reason to know. He has put it out of sight, and mind, simply on account of the painful associations."

"That shud not be," agreed Jarge with a providint eye for the future. "Your father might die without having explained its mechanism and thus incalculable good wind be lost to mankind. Yis, my darling, I deem it your futy to speak about it."

And speak of it Helen did, choosin' her time well, as they sat over their coffee arter dinner. Old Darlington looked up wistfully as if at the passing remimbrance arter dinner. Old Darlington looked up wistfully as if at the passing remimbrance

of some pleasant dream.

"I was so deeply interested, excited," he mused. "I knew it was more wonderful than I had told.

"I hid it, let me see, on the top of that old fashioned secretary in the drawing room, Helen. The rid curtings hid it excipt the geceivers; but no wan wud notice that.

that.

"We were to have comp'ny that night, with singing, dancing and all sort of merrimint. I had planned whin the evenin' was well over to take it down and show thim all what they had said and done.

"But it was the day, the fatal day," he rubbed his poor old head wearily. "Of course my plan was not carried out, and arter it was all over, whin I found it where no wan had iver noticed it, still behind the

no wan had iver noticed it, still behind the rid curtings, I hadn't the heart to do anythin' with it. I haven't the heart now."

"But for Helen's sake," urged the avid

Jarge.

And thin with suddint impulse old Dar-

"I will fetch it to the drawin' room prisintly." he mumbled, gropin' to the door in a batty sort of way. "P'raps it is jest as well. Wanst or twict it has come over as well. Wanst or twict it has come over me that the receivers did take somethin', hold somethin' aginst a day of darkness. "Pshaw for sech forbodings! Why not banish thim foriver and at the same time consarve a fortune for the two I love? Come, thin, my children, come."

I stud at the door of the drawin' room, an unnoticed spectator, as old Darlington set a square box on the top of the high secretary, arrangin' the rid curtings so that they hid all but the upper part, as Helen and Jarge with plisurable excitemint tuk their seats in front. The old man was excited too, and growin' more so; there was a trimble to his hands and his two eyes glowed like biccons that warned but cud not ward.

"The more I t'ink of it," he mummured the more I feel sure that there was a tist. p'raps an unintenshunal wan, whin the box was hid, long before the comp'ny was to

He turned wan screw and thin anudder. "Listen! Listen!" he commanded, like som lajor of a prophet with arms uplifted. There was a whirr; and thin, oh, thin, the ound of a woman's v'ice, deep and tinder, 'rilled as it sung that beautyus ballet:

Oh, the drames of me yout they are broken t'roo And phat is did and undid I rue; There's nawthip' stidfast, there's nawthin' thrue t your love for me, and my love for you. "Tis Adèle, the darling!" gapped Helen.

Twas her favorite song. "My wife." groaned old Darlington, speaking from the fathomless Beyond her love-

And I wondered, so I did, that he shud for a moment think those passhunate rains had been meant for him Again there was a whirr. Down from the top of the apparatus dropped a white

sheet, and acrost its virging sufface passed the figure of a woman, slender, fragile, sheet, and acrost its virging sunace passed the figure of a woman, slender, fragile, with the loveliness of a half blown rose. Her dilicate leaf of a hand was prissed to her tumultus bresst; her stips were hasty and disordered as they bore her out of sight. Ividently she had been pacing this very room in agitashun perfound. "Adele, Adele, 'tis puffict of her," whis-pered Helen. "My own, my univ wan," agin moaned old

pered Helen.

"My own, my unly wan," agin moaned old Darlington; and agin I wondered.

Then as the vice died away a manly vice, rich and rakish, tuk up and completed the vuss. "My dearest, dearest, dear little heart," it pertisted; and there cud be no possible doubt it meant ivery wud.

Helen drew back with a strange, frightened look at Jarge; while old Darlington fined wan hurret step and thin poised uncerting, his white beard bobbing up and down like a haycock in a gale. And this time I wondered not a whit at eeder; for me I wondered not a whit at eeder: t'roo wan of those coincidences with which ill luck so ofting stacks its hands that v'ice vas as like Gentleman George's as if it had

been his twin brudder's.

Wanst more there was a whirr; wanst more the virging sheet showed a livin' rictur; the leddy standin' now in the cintre of the room, with bot' hands clapped, and of the room, with bot hands class on, and a young man, about Jarge's size, rushin' rapturusly toward her. She hung back, she hesitated for the instinct, the flush of her cheeks revealing a charming confusion; and thin with arms practicusly apart she stipped from our field of view—but toward him.

him.

"Dearest, dearest," kem her vice like an angilic sob, "pertict me from mesilf—I love you so!"

Old Dartington gev a roar and a plunge for'ard. He cart the virging sheet and ripped it from its fastening. The heavy box toppled from sech insane force, ketching for a sicond in the rid curtings, and thin swayin over and fallin with a crash on his deviced. thin swayin' over and fallin' with a crash on his devoted kronk. Down wint old Darlington to lie in a crumple like a mud concrete statoo of King Leer, his expris-

shun was that orful.

I lukked at Jarge and Helen as they set apart, their eyes fixed in horror and wee; and thin, at a series of startling sounds, I gev that infernal box the timporary quietus of a shake, and set down upon it to make my possesshun the surer

I don't suppose five minute; elapped, but it seemed ages and to spare while we t'ree set meshunless as if turned to stun be the Gargoyle's head. Thin old Darlington arter a series of

elictric twitches lepped to his feet and gazed about, and it unly lacked the rags and the skelington of the dog on the tree to make the awakening of Rip Van Winkle complete. He swep' back his disordered locks, and you cud fairly see the darn of light on his brow-and a cold, gray light certainly wore.

I remimber, I remimber," he muttered from the subway of his boots, "all, oh my God, all! Ah, mussiful fate that med it dark until I had, as I have now, I feel it, I know it, strengt' to endure. And you, pitiful scoundrel, base impostor, who kem here, where you niver wore before, to take

advantage of my disability---" "Never here before?" sighed Helen, and the life kem back to her cheeks and lips as she gazed pityus on Jargo. "Then it wasn't you in that odious picture?" "It was not this villain, my darter," in-

terrupted old Darlington stunnly. is not my ward Bart Vischer." He gulped as if it had irked him to utter that name, and thin tunned agin to Jarge with added vehemince.

rogue," he demanded, "why I shud not deliver over the pair of you to the vings

of the law?" "Nawthin," answered Jarge dully. have hurt menilf far wuse than I oud iver have hurted you." And Helen hunched

I was sick of the false sintimintality that wanst and agin' had deprived us of our spiles. I was sure that whativer I might succeed in doin' to old Darlington,

might succeed in doin' to old Parlington, he wud be gettin' off light from what was justly comin' to him. And so I detummined to priss me advantage rut'less, without regards to old age or sect, or anny odder althoughistic considerashun.

"Much," I answered fummly. "For if you delivers me over to the legal tormintors I shall take this box with me, mark that. And there's still a sound and a scene lift in it as I hev' reason to summise from its last dying kick. last dying kick.

last dying kick.

"Do you want me to tell what I t'ink follered quick on the meeting of thim lovyers true? I heerd a scream and a shot. No wonder your poor wife died from shock; no wonder neither hair nor hide was iver seen since of this Bart Vischer,

whose name you hates to speak.

"I b'lieve you had just med away with his body in the laboratory whin the accidint tuk place that put your wits on the mussiful blink."

With a ferocious agility, that teld plainer than my wuds how he must have acted on surprisin' his wife and Vischer, old Darlington snatched an antic battleaxe from the wall and med for me. But I was ready and more with me livilled gun. He fell back shakin'.

back shakin'.

"What do you want?" he gapped.

And all the while Jarge and Helen set a-gazin' fondly, to the worold well lost.

"All there is in the house, and I have reason to know there's a plinty," I retunned with a wistful rlanct at the safe in the carner. "Kine of the rilm, resuv money, greenbacks, it's all wan to me so long as it passes free. Thin, and not until thin, kin you smash this precious invinshun of yours into its deponent parts."

Wuthout a wud he brought out from the

Wuthout a wud he brought out from the safe a fist of a wad and handed it to me; without a wud he brought down the battle-axe asmash on his niver-to-be famous invinship. "Now go," he rumbled, like the t'roes of a

"Good." I retarted, lightly. "Come, Jarge, there good cheer awaitin' us at ivery tunn and bind of the primrose pat."

"Oh, stay, whoiver you are," implored Helen, her arms outstritched toward him,

"or take me with you."

"Poor girl," I mummured, "it wud be hard to say which fate wors the wuss."

Jarge looked suddint deat' at me from under his long lashes. His lips were white and trembly as he tunned to her for the last time.

and trembly as he tunned to her for the lactime.

"I cud not love thee, dear, so much," he pertisted with deep feelin', "loved I not dishonor more."

And thin, silent and sad, he foller'd me out into the open and back to the fling ind of the town; and it tuk more'n two dooble magnates, so it did, to restore him to the sporting life.

CANDY MEN OF MEXICO. Business That Dates Back to the Times of the Aztees. From the Mexican Herald.

here is warm enough to be out of doors all the year round, the candy vender is to be found at his post from one year's end to the other

that attract the attention of the tourist on

The Aztecs were very fond of sweets, of which they understood the art of making very many kinds and varieties. The soldiers

city to Vera Cruz on that memorable march against the City of the Azteos they were met

along the way by venders who sold sweets of

many kinds, which became very agreeable to

The candy vender takes up his place at the corner of a street, where he remains all day from early morning till late at night As a general thing, too, you will find him in the same place all the year round. Once a vendor has possession of a certain place the

molest him with competition.

Sometimes a vender will self only one kind of candy. In this case he in all probability makes it himself. However, many venders have lately been seized with the progressive spirit of the times and display sweets, most of which are not known outside

The candy vender generally has a small folding table about one and a half to two and a half feet in dimensions. On this he piles all his wares. Therefore you have no trouble in finding exactly what you want, for there it is all spread out before you. If you do not find it there you need not make further inquiries. The vender will not have it.

There are more than a thousand street candy venders in Mexico City. Some of these have pushcarts, an inspiration of the new age of modern Mexico. These are generally more ambitious than their fellows and usually go about from fair to fair. They are plazas on feast days, and they generally hang around outside the schools, where they sell to the children on school days. Some of these venders, who are generally young fellows, have made considerable money.

A circular recently issued by the Bureau of For-estry of the Philippines says: "Manila is the prin cipal lumber market of the Philippine Islands. Here are located five of the most important mills. Timber is being shipped to them from all parts of the islands. The combined maximum daily output of the five mills is about 90,000 board feet a day. One mill has a capacity of 20,000 board feet, two or 20,000 and two of 10,000 each a day.

they had to contend with numerous difficulties. Filipino labor was unreliable: many of the hard-woods were difficult to saw and it was impossible to secure a sufficient regular supply of logs from the provinces. Conditions have improved, how-ever, in the last two years, and the mills are now operating in a very satisfactory manner. They now saw all commercial woods without difficulty and are depending more and more upon their own cuttings to supply logs to meet their requirements With proper training the Pilipinos are found to be apt in handling machinery. Two mills have recently

een running at night to fill orders. "Logs are bought and sold by the Spanish cubic foot. One Spanish cubic foot equals .765 of an English cubic foot. Lumber is bought and sold by the English thousand board feet. The price of logs fluctuates from day to day. A considerable amount fluctuates from day to day. A considerable amount of imported lumber, mostly Oregon pine and California redwood, is still used in the islands. Besides those in Manila there is an increasing number of sawnitis scattered through the provinces. Many of these are small, with capacities ranging from 2,500 to 10,000 board feet a day.

Progress at Newchwang.

Chinese authorities are making good progress, says Daily Consular and Trade Reports, in establishing a proper drainage system throughout the Chinese city at Newchwang. Cwing to strict sanitary ing a proper drainage system inroughout the Chinese city at Newtowang. Cwing to strict sanilary rules the port has been free of epidemic diseases this year. The international Debating Society at Newtowang, started two years ago by the Rev. James Webster, has for its object the promotion of friendly relations between foreigners and Chinese and is largely supported by subscriptions from the native officials and merchants. Addresses on Chinese and foreign affairs are given daily in the Huo Shea Miao, or temple of the go Jo füre, and the principal Chinese and foreign affairs are given daily in the Huo Shea Miao, or temple of the go Jo füre, and the principal Chinese newspapers are explained to several hundred people by experienced Chinese lecturers, while special lectures are given from time to time in the Chinese thestres. "Constitutional Government" has been the topic for several months, studied with intense interest on the part of the students. The institution carries with it no religious obligations and the lectures and debates are open to all.

Newchwang is buying its bean oil mill machinery (there are five large mills there) in Hongkong. A Japanese syndicate is building another mill in the same line. Successful demonstration has been made by a steam plough manufactured in Edeford, England, its capability is twenty acres in tweive hours. The river waterway is to be improved by the construction of a dam seventy five niles sorth, at a cost of \$30,000 gold.

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